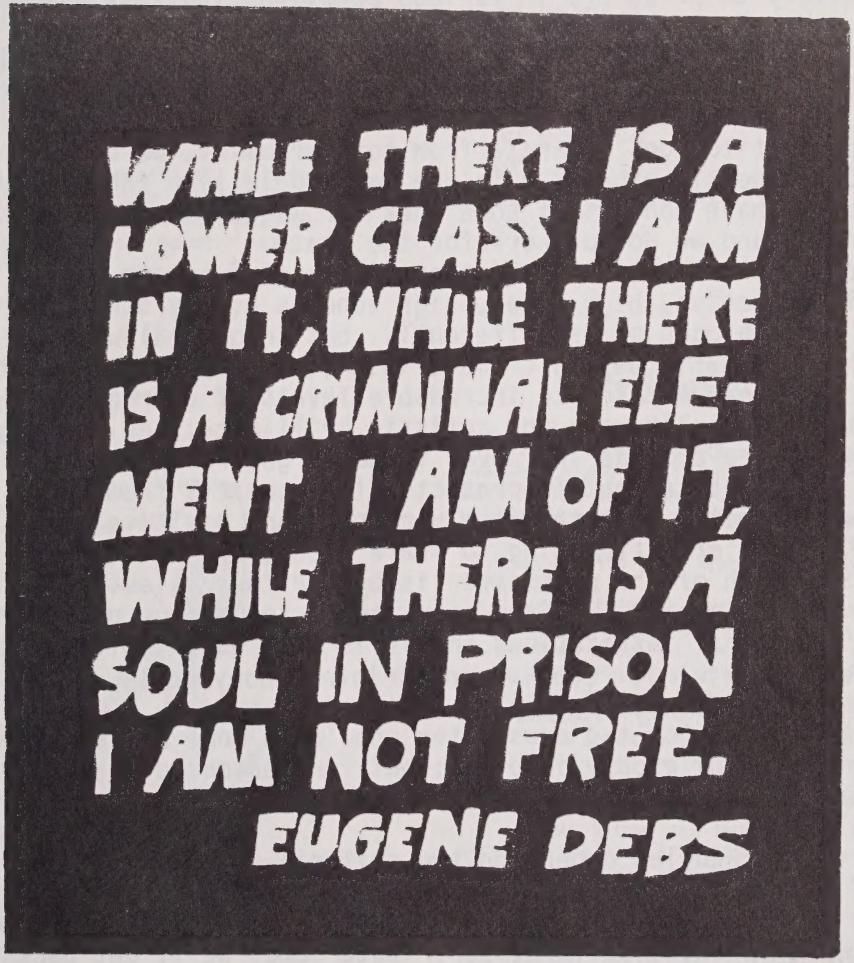
shelve with prison newsletters - display area

BULLDOZER

"The only vehicle for prison reform"



Vol.1 No.1 Aug. 1980

Collective Statement

This first issue of Bulldozer is produced and distributed from the stifling, capital intensive city of Toronto, Kanada by the Prisoner Solidarity Collective. We are a group of women and men who have been writing individually and collectively to prisoners in various penal institutions, as well as trying to support them on the street.

We are all anti-state, anti-authoritarian, and definitely prison abolitionist. As with any production collective, the individuals function in diverse ways that complement the whole. And just as we believe that prisons are not abstract institutions separate from total reality, we believe that politics are most honestly expressed in the way people live their lives.

Some of us have done time; some work for wages; some do not. None are "professionals" and we do not work for the state.

The decision to work with prisoners in penal dungeons rather than the prisoners in factories, high rises, high schools or any other oppressive institutions came to each of us differently: but in general we were all impressed with the excellant quality of materials received from the comrades on the inside. We have been exposed to incredible levels of courage, honesty, political sophistication, literary and artistic brilliance, and an openess that is seldom found on the outside and never found in government circles. Yet it is government that insists that it protects civil society from their influence. In short, we are being educated in a very real and positive sense; and it is this experience we are attempting to share with you.

The production of the newsletter is by far the easiest task. Articles, letters, art work, poetry, ie, the copy, comes to us from prisoners and ex-prisoners of penal institutions and it is this qualitative content that makes it. All material is received and printed anonymously unless the writer requests we break their anonymity.

Perhaps the name of the newsletter should in some way describe its content or the basic philosophy/ideology; but for reasons of security, aesthetics etc., the name will probably change from issue to issue. What will remain is content quality.

Production schedules depend on two criteria - copy and dollars. So what can we say? If you are doing time or have done time and want to express your feelings in print or artwork, contribute material. If you are on the outside and have access to extra dollars, contribute some. We'll get back to work as soon as possible.

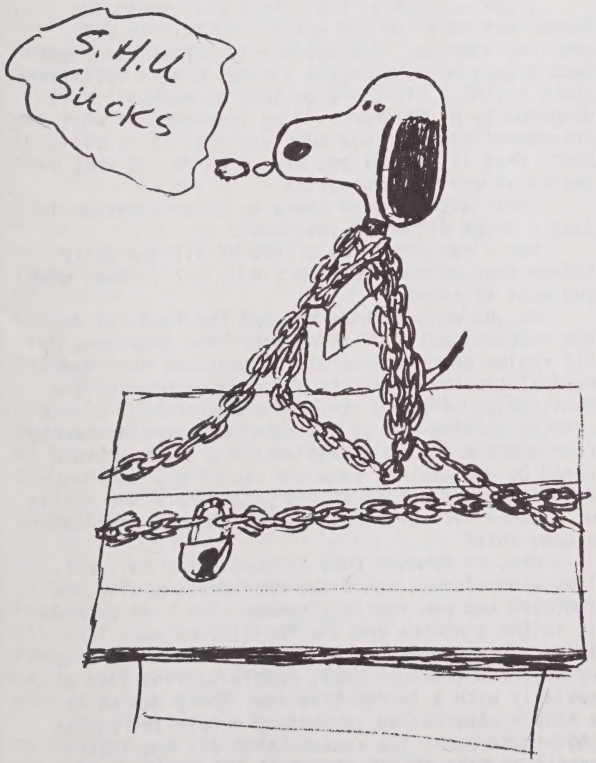
If you know of anyone who would like a copy, or if you are reading someone else's copy and want to be on our mailing list our address is printed below. We are most interested in exchanges with any support group or prisoners' group that is also putting out printed material.

Write to: Prisoner Solidarity Collective, P.O. Box 1817, Bancroft, Ontario, Kanada, K0L 1C0. Finally, all social critics should be open to criticism. So criticize.

S.H.U.

Special Handling Unit (S.H.U.) - There are two such units in Canada, the Correctional Development Centre (C.D.C.) which was formerly the solitary confinement cells of Laval Penitentiary, and the Special Handling Unit (S.H.U.) formerly the solitary confinement cells of Millhaven Penitentiary.

These two units were designed to lessen police and prison guard opposition to the abolition of the death penalty, which came under legislative debate in Canada in 1976. Prisoners who have murdered police or prison guards, or who have engaged in hostage takings, prison escapes involving violence, or other violent acts, are confined to these central, maximum-security units where they can be more easily monitored and controlled.



Forgotten men and women
entombed in prisons
to become
human robots
of despair;
shadowed thoughts
trying to remember
a touch,
an embrace
of lost lovers
no longer there.

- Freddy Jo Morry

Prison Visits

In April the Penitentiary in New Westminister British Columbia held an Open House tour for the Public. The newspaper stated that 6,000 people had passed through the gates. Six thousand people on the first day. Where were those 6,000 people on "Prison Justice Day" last August 10th and the years before?

I can vividly remember lying alone - frustrated, feeling hopeless and forgotten in Solitary Confinement in B.C. Pen. Hearing footsteps outside my steel door, I got up to peer through the screen in my door to see what the commotion was. I observed approximately eight civilians staring in at me as if I were some strange primitive creature. All I could think to say at the time was "Nice to meet you people. Next time you come could you please bring some peanuts."

I was bitter and twisted at the sheer ignorance of it all, but at the same time I realized that these people represented 80 per cent of all society. They had never been left alone, shackled and handcuffed, gassed and beaten. They had never experienced complete boredom or suffered months of frustration, bitterness and aggravation and insane anger that time behind these walls does to human beings.

If just one out of every hundred of those persons who made the tour were to take the time to write or to make an odd visit (even once a month) and show a bit of decency towards just one prisoner then perhaps prisons per se wouldn't become objects of amazement and fascination to be seen as museums or unfortunately but realistically, as zoos.

Rod Camphaug
Archambault Pen.
Quebec

Phase-out

I have been in S.H.U. since July '79 and I have a few comments to make on it. There is absolutely nothing constructive to do here; no programs, no groups, no church, no jobs, (except cleaning and such) and almost no schooling. All that is available are correspondence courses but even these are hard to get. Even if one is fortunate enough to get into a correspondence course it is difficult to do it because of the atmosphere. There is no instructor for school either. Hobbies are very limited, exercising equipment is limited and no weights are allowed in S.H.U.

The worst thing about S.H.U. is that we never know when we will get out. And with this phase system it is even worse. The phase system is as follows: Phase I - 23 hour lock-up, one hour exercise. No T.V., no hot water. Phase II - more exercise, a T.V., and access to a kettle (whoppee) Phase III - No T.V., a bit more recreational time but no more than four persons on Phase III at a time. We have to be put from Phase II to Phase III by the six-month review board. Thus if you don't make it, you know it will be at least six months til your next chance.

If the board puts you on Phase III, you sit there for six months, go in front of the board again, and they decide if you will go to Population or not. If they say yes, it still takes two or three months til you are transferred. If they say no, you just have to sit there for six more months and hope for the best. Since I've only nine months left, and I'm on Phase 1, it means I will never get to Population.

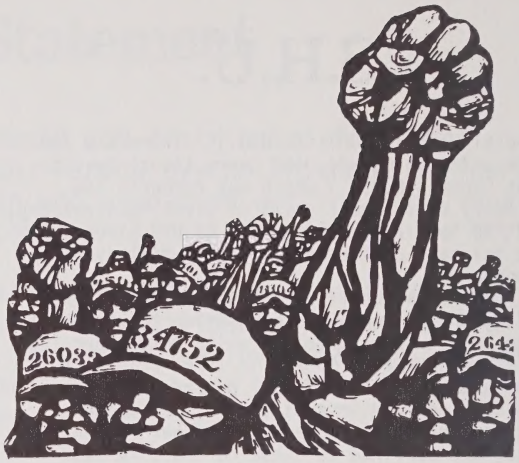
Is S.H.U. necessary? If there was no S.H.U. then a lot of guards would be out of a job. But other than that it is not necessary. All of us have been sentenced to additional time for whatever it was that they put us here. All of us had to sit in Solitary Confinement until we were sentenced. Everyone in S.H.U. could be put in the penitentiary that they want. Placing a guy who wants to be in B.C., close to his family, in Saskatchewan is just asking for trouble.

If it wasn't so hard to get a transfer, if guys weren't placed in Solitary for long periods of time, and if prisoners were given proper medical treatment, it wouldn't be necessary to take hostages.

As for us in S.H.U. for killing guards, police or other prisoners, if hundreds of guys convicted of murder and manslaughter can be in maximum, medium, or minimum prisons, why can't we? Is it really significant that the victim is someone in here or out there?

Well Keep Smiling Anyway,
Angel, S.H.U.'80

P.S. I came in Oct'74, I've spent over 3 years in Solitary Confinement so far and 9 months in S.H.U. I really can't believe that there is any reason to treat me or anyone else like this.



Alternatives?

I've never held much contact with groups of any sort either inside or outside and I don't consider myself as a loud voice for the humiliation and suffering of all the prisoners.

I can appreciate that there are people out there that care and are willing to help in whatever way they can. I'm not overly optimistic about such groups but then again I'm not overly optimistic about anything. It could be that my enthusiasm is dampened by my ignorance -- my ignorance of what a Prisoners' Rights Group does and what it is all about. What is it that you expect to do and what do you think you can accomplish.

Bear with me John cause my thought-system is just a touch different than most.

Man I can write you a list of all the petty things that go down here in S.H.U. but is that what you want to know?

Do you want to know how bad the food is? How the recreational facilities are? The treatment by old regime goose-steppers? The constant head games? Medical treatment, visits and correspondence? The humiliation of being stripped and searched? Of constantly jerking-off to Playboys? Of spending twenty four hours a day in a cage within a cage within a cage? Do you want to know the cause? Why semi-reasonable men get pushed to the point where the taking of a human life deserves no more thought than taking a good shit?

Man, in my mind that is just petty bullshit. That kind of shit isn't the real problem with the judicial and penitentiary system. The real problem is in the sentence and the futility of such long trips. That's what has to be solved, not the trippy shit but the real deal, people serving life especially with a twenty-five low. There has to be a viable alternative to putting people in regular shit-house pens. The system takes all and leaves people no hope except escape at the earliest possible moment.

Maybe you can't dig where I'm coming from but I'm not trying to put you or anyone else down. I'll be happy to let you know some of the trips that

come down in here if that's what you want or need to know. I just thought it would be better if I clued you in on where my brain was at before we get into any correspondence.

Where I am right now is the end of the line and as far down as a person can go. There's nothing else that the system can do to any of us right now. If capital punishment were in effect hardly any of us would be here. There's nothing that they can really take away from short of stopping our food that would really make much difference in our positions.

How can you get a public to relate to a situation like this? How can an alternative be brought about? The United States of America, Canada, Australia, and various parts of South America were partially colonised in the beginning by criminals. Why can't this be started again? How do you get it put into action?

S.H.U.
Millhaven

S.H.U. — Metal Cages

The difference between Solitary and Phase I is... Phase I would have a cell with a window, stainless steel mirror and a radio. Solitary doesn't have these things. Also the Solitary exercise is in a very, very small area, four walls and a screen roof. Thus one can't see anything. But Phase I gets a bigger yard (although it's still very small) and a fence instead of a wall. So one can look through the fence and see the other two fences...

Did you know we in S.H.U. can't even touch a blade of grass? It's all on the other side of the fence. I guess you know there are metal plates welded over the windows? And that everything here is metal (walls, desk, sink, toilet, bed) and welded together? We can't even have a chair (they say that's a security risk). Note all the walls - cell walls, hallway - are yellowish white. We can't even paint the place.

I believe a suit was in court over C.D.C. in Quebec. It's the same as S.H.U. only worse. There are no windows, though there is a plexi-glass piece on the cell roof - the guards walk over top of the cells and look down in on you.

I guess I didn't explain who I am or why I'm in here did I? I was arrested in Oct.'74. I was put in Solitary then for refusing to cut my hair. Dec. 12 '75 that hole was closed (Cruel and Unusual) so they put me in a normal cell but there was only four or five of us on the range (15 cells). We weren't allowed to talk and it was 24 hour lock-up. February 1976, I got two years. The judge said I should go to Drumheller, Alberta (medium-security) but I went to Saskatchewan Pen. (maximum).

I'd like you to note this first hole... I had no mattress, sheets or pillow. I got one meal a day and a bowl of tea for thirty days. Then the next thirty, I'd get two meals a day, then back to one. I got no cigarettes, books or anything, not even soap. Just an empty cell, one blanket and some toilet paper. I couldn't even write letters.

Friday night in S.H.U.
Listening to c.h.o.m.
And wondering if
The stars are shining
Or if they're hidden by clouds
Like my thoughts.

- Freddy Jo Morry

I was in population at Saskatchewan penitentiary for quite a while with no charges - one doesn't have to cut his hair at Saskatchewan Pen. Just before my Mandatory Parole release date, I was put in Solitary over some minor charges (swearing). I was released in June '77 from Solitary to the street.

I was out for thirteen days. I was sentenced for possession of stolen property (the same thing I got two years for, a car). Between June'77 and June '78 I spent half (or perhaps more) of my time in Solitary. I was released from Solitary to the street again. I was out for eight days. I got another year. I went back to Solitary in Saskatchewan Pen. In October '78 I was back in population. I had five months to serve. A guy who was convicted of raping two fourteen year old girls and pleaded guilty to raping another seventeen year old girl tried to force me into something, so I finally killed him. I was put in Solitary. June '79 I finally got to trial on a first degree murder charge. Note, I'm only twenty-two now. I was about 130 lbs. then, he was 180 lbs and a weight-lifter in good shape. I was convicted on manslaughter and the jury recommended leniency. I got three years.

I thought I might go to S.H.U. so I got the lawyer to mention it in court. The judge said I was not dangerous and that I should not go to S.H.U. I have a letter from him to the director of the Saskatchewan Pen. that says this, but I went to S.H.U. anyway. I recieved a letter from Regional Headquarters for the Prairies saying I wouldn't be here long. It's almost a year now. With this Phase system, I'll never get out. My release date is March 1981. So I could go from here to the street.

This adds up to about 34 months solitary, plus the solitary I've done here.

I don't think anyone could imagine how difficult it is for a guy to go from Solitary (or S.H.U.) directly to the street. People just think we are happy to get out so it doesn't matter where we come from or what we've been through.

So what good has prison done me? Will all this stop me from stealing another car? Well, I won't be stealing cars, I can assure you of that but it's not 'cause of being here. When I came in I had a grade six education. Now I've got my Grade 10 diploma and am working on my second year university.

I'll be going up for parole in July. I will ask to go to university. However, I've already been told that I won't get a parole just because I'm in S.H.U. I don't see how that matters much since I'll hit the street from S.H.U. in March anyway.

Larry (Angel) Schau
S.H.U. Millhaven

Janet

Yesterday
as i sat alone
i thought
of you,
words
you've written
filled my mind,
until...
slowly,
so slowly
i sensed
your presence near,
you seemed
to smile
and touch
my hand
as if
to say:
I understand.

- Freddy Jo Morry

Anarchist Misconceptions

This article was originally to have encompassed a description of what life is like at _____ Prison but having given that idea some thought I decided that nothing could be more boring or idiotic to write about. Anyone with a fair amount of sensitivity and independent intellect, along with a minimum of data, is well aware of the conditions in prison (I presume that the Dragon has a low percentage of robot mentalities perusing each issue). However, what is the relative importance of conditions within prison? The material circumstances - food, clothing, housing, the hired help, etc - which every prisoner must contend with are to a large degree illusory, if not essentially meaningless.

Perhaps that is too broad a statement but, in the context of having one's liberty usurped by the state, are prison conditions really of consequence? While it is certainly difficult to ignore harsh living conditions anywhere, it seems particularly inappropriate to endeavor to make prison a more comfortable place to live. The "best" prison is no better than the worst. The repression suffered by prisoners is not determined by the extent of abuses or, conversely, the number of priviledges and amenities which are permitted but, rather, that there exists an institution of power, an authority, that legitimizes the violence which serves to create and perpetuate all prisons and condones the behavior of its functionaries towards prisoners. The hired help may severely torment, ignore or even give some sort of a play to prisoners but regardless of the exact treatment afforded prisoners the primary offense is that prisons continue to thrive and thus the primary task of anarchists (using the term somewhat loosely) is to undermine or circumvent the exercise of such authority. I guess that sounds pretty simple but to maintain that perspective is to go significantly beyond the tunnel vision which prisoners themselves, even those of revolutionary inclination, ordinarily adhere to.

By "tunnel vision" I mean a narrow outlook of prisoners, specifically an acceptance of incarceration and, at best, a design towards improving life on the inside for all who are likewise situated. It is far more often the case that, having accepted prison, a given prisoner or group of prisoners will do whatever can be done to make their bid more bearable regardless of how such efforts affect other prisoners. To all readers who are in captivity: Need I catalogue the seemingly endless exhibitions of greed, cruelty and stupidity as manifested by the majority of our fellow captives? The foremost effect of such tunnel vision, however, is that it greatly reinforces the prison system because the game is played (and in that context must be) entirely in accord with the

states' rules and objections.

A terrifically devastating consequence, or perhaps as a parallel form, of tunnel vision is that many prisoners consider themselves and are considered by some of us to be absolved from responsibility from whatever anti-social acts they may have committed. More cogently, because prisoners are victims of an unjust judicial system and subjected to the inherent deprivations of prison their actions - past, present, future; to whatever extreme - are therefore justifiable, though no conclusion could be more erroneous. I cannot emphasize enough how totally unrealistic and self-defeating it is for anarchists to regard most prisoners as budding revolutionaries and prison as a clandestine guerilla training ground. The theme of revolution, with all its trimmings, is being mercilessly exploited by opportunist prisoners for material gain. A popular fallacy is that prisoners represent the vanguard of the revolution but the overwhelming majority of prisoners, if given the opportunity, would perform the same role as the hired help in any prison. That is not to say they would exclusively or necessarily be employed in a prison system but that whatever position they elect to pursue within society their actions will prove entirely supportive of the very powers, institutions and values which we are inexorable opposed to.

The above discussion was not intended to establish that only a select minority of prisoners possess a "true and correct revolutionary awareness" (smile folks), rather, to demonstrate the inefficacy of uncritical support of all prisoners. The most unfortunate consequence of such superficiality is that the "prison struggle", both in terms of direct action undertaken to advance same and the declarations of those who are ostensibly opposed to the established order, is virtually synonymous with the notion of improving a particular prison or prisons in general. Aside from the fact that what usually passes as "support" is only symbolic in nature, the "prison struggle" seems to have utterly foresaken the objective of actual liberation from prison, ie., prior to a release date established by the state.

It is somewhat disconcerting that in our fine anarchist papers the topic of extra-judicial release from captivity is virtually never mentioned yet said papers are replete with reportage and invocations concerning "prisoner support work". Before the rhetorical bulwarks are erected I hasten to add that I am not targeting those persons who produce anarchist papers as bearing exclusive responsibility for neglecting this issue. To continue then, what form of "support" could possibly be more meaningful to a prisoner than that which might lead to his/her deliverance? The fact that escape is not mentioned in our papers is not, as some might opine, that the printed media is not an appropriate format to discuss such a subject but, rather, because (to say the least) most "prisoner support work" does not entail such activity. Obviously I speak not of publishing details of

specific projects or even general tactics but of the promulgation and promotion of extra-judicial proceedings as both viable and essential in our common struggle.

I recognize that, ironically, in respect to prisoners, anarchists practice or tolerate a de facto negation of the individual by sacrificing the well-being of individual prisoners on behalf of "the greater struggle". My choice of words may be a bit crude but I do not believe myself to be mistaken in asserting that among anarchists there is an implicit if not in fact explicit current of thought which dictates that any action which is not intended to further the goals (?) of that heterogeneous blob, "the prison struggle", albeit often through a specific prisoner, is somehow an act of selfishness or - gasp - counterrevolution. Prisoners need not apologize for striving to be free. (FE take note: "explanation" is necessary as to why we should support our dear brother, Carl Harp, in his particular situation.)

I know of no prison which is escape-proof, however, in most instances outside support is required in order to effect or facilitate liberation. Not everyone is capable of actively participating in an armed incursion against a specific prison but there are any number of supportive roles which must be filled to ensure the successful extrication of our sisters and brothers. Of course, not every extra-judicail release will require an armed encounter; indeed, what is to prevent some of our people from getting jobs as prison guards and thus allow prisoners to depart from a given dump simply by opening doors or converting a guard tower into a play-rocket (or whatever) or firing a gun far wide of the mark? After all, the fortress-like facade of any prison is intended solely to convince/brain wash those inside that they cannot possibly escape but such "awesome" structures should hardly pose an insurmountabel abstacle to people on the outside. How is it that anarchists can see right through most of the absurdities which the powers that be pass off as civilization, normalcy, morality, success, and on and on, yet many of our number are apparently mesmerized by the illusion of invulnerability which prisons exude. I am puzzled as to the existance of a creature called Courage.

I hope I haven't created the impression that the sole task of anarchists, in relation to prisons, is to free anarchist prisoners. On the contrary, I would, for example, like to also free the judge who sentenced me to eternity but, at least this time around, I want to avoid discussing ideal or theoretical anarchism.

To close then, and truely not wishing to castigate those who mean well, the call to "abolish all prisons" rings a bit hollow to those of us who endure the madness of captivity. Perhaps the above will provoke more than written responses.

Rahway, N.J.

Brainwashed

Thoughts
move sluggishly
though
programmed minds
of what
were once
free thinking
human beings,
indoctrinated
into the
prison system's
psychological
brain washing
program,
becoming
inmates
no longer
able to
find the will
or the energy
to fight against
a system
of inhuman tactics,
mentally whipping
prisoners
until....
they become
beaten men
and women
who have forgotten
the meaning
of Pride
and
Self-Respect.

-Freddie Jo Morry

Muncy State Plantation

We are calling for a massive protest letter campaign to protest the barbaric conditions imposed on our sisters inside Muncy State Plantation. Our sisters are suffering. Suffering injustices injected from sadistic perverts headed by the department of JustIce. People that have never been through this spectrum of the system find it hard to believe that such horrible means of torture really exist with a government that highlights speeches about God and Human Rights.

Staff people here are so cold they freeze fire. We are subjected to the most deHumanizing arbitrary suffocating, caloused, horrifying atrocities, rapid approach of permanent insanity and a systematic death perpetrated by schized out, degenerating, insensitive, maniacs of the state, the country, the u.s. - imposed upon us each hour.

Gloria Burnet has been locked behind huge thick, double doors for 4 months under the most barbaric conditions. People who can treat their planetary relatives as inhumanly as we are treated, must be dead mentally. What is even more mind blowing is that it's happening methodically across the land. The beautiful aspect of the total fucked up situation is that across the land comrades are uniting, rising up, revolting, resisting, eliminating, combating, this genocidal germ of destruction.

The sisters are sick and treated like a piece of shit. They are stored in a room with no toilet paper, no soap, no sanitaries, no clothes, no bed, no sheets, no water, no nothing, except another dose of drugs that reduces them to catatonic states. No showers. No help.

We want these wimin out of this death trap. We demand that they be sent to a decent hospital so they can get help. We are very angry about the sadistic treatment of these wimin. I am writing because they can not write due to their state of mind. I am concerned because as long as these situations exist, no sister is safe. Just like it's happening to them, it could be any one of us. I never lose sight of that perspective.

Your letters can be very effective in getting these sisters the help so desperately needed. We need pressure groups. Write to;
State Representative, John White Jr.
Box 167, Harrisburg PA 17120

Muncy Prison Coalition
Terri Roth Esq.
6th Fl. Blackstone bld.
Harrisburg PA 17101

Superintendent Lowell Hewitt
Box 180, Muncy PA 17756

Fred Stanczak Esq.
416 Pine St.
Williams Port PA 17101

Governor Thornburg
Office of Governor
Harrisburg PA 17120

State Police Barracks
Corporel Brobson
Mountoursville, PA

June Boyd
Muncy

New Mexico Riot

The riot was reported to have started because of inmates drinking home-made wine but this has been building for years. Prior to this riot there has been several small demonstrations - food strikes, work strikes and small riots in segregation unit Cell Block 3. There have been instances where convicts would complain about the food, work or living conditions and subsequently be found dead in their segregation cells, hung as if they had committed suicide but with broken bones and bruises. This type of thing has gone on for the nine years I was there, finally everyone just got tired with it.

The time and conditions for the riot were perfect. A new warden and staff that didn't know their ass from a hole in the ground. The administration knew several months in advance that the riot was going to come down. They knew they couldn't stop the overcrowding, the bad living conditions, bad food etc. so they readied themselves and pushed the riot on by putting twelve guards to

take charge of eleven hundred and thirty convicts. Nine of the guards had been working at the penitentiary for only nine weeks.

Of the twelve guards, three were in the towers, leaving nine inside the building. One of these, a woman, was in the control room, another was walking the yard, seven were left to make the rounds of the units. One was in the captains office, four were counting on the north side and the last two were on the south side where Cell Block 4 was. The maximum security unit had at times two, at times one guard and he was in the cage.

There were rumours that the administration had planned how the guards would handle the problem of leaving the building. There were so few of them, there should not have been any difficulty. The older guards were at points where leaving would have been easy if it hadn't have happened as fast as it did. The younger guards knowing nothing of what was coming down, would have been the only ones used to take the initial rush of the inmates. It happened so fast, on a night before it was rumoured to come down, even the older guards were caught in it. They threw out their chests, acted as if they didn't give a fuck, walked off into a unit and were at once taken hostage. As these guards had the keys, it was a matter of minutes before the entire prison was taken, and all the guards hostage except for the two over at Cell Block 4. These guards made it down to the basement where they hid among the pipes. They left Cell Block 4, the protection unit, with its 60 day evaluation administration snitches and parole violaters, totally unprotected.

After the hostages had been taken, the guards outside the building gave cutting torches, pipe wrenches and other tools to the convicts and urged them to cut the cells and doors open so they would have free access to the entire prison. Cell Block 4 was not touched until after negotiations were started. During the negotiations, the guards, the warden, assistant warden and the governor all mentioned that they were interested in getting the hostages out unharmed. After the convicts threatened to cut the heads off of the guards and throw them out the front door if their demands were not met, the governor said, "make sure no one in Cell Block 4 is harmed". It was a direct statement to get the attention the hostage guards were recieving, transferred to those prisoners within Cell Block 4 - and it worked. The cutting torches were used to cut the door off the unit and the killing started.

On the top of the warden's desk there lay a sheet of paper listing all the administration snitches. It just happened to be the only paper on the desk and the files were out where anyone could read them. So you see it was all so easy. No other time could you get into the files without having to use a cutting torch and an army to get them, as there was never less than twenty-five guards on shift other than that night.

It was those on the top of the line, the warden, assistant warden and on up that were responsible. After the prison was taken, the convicts asked to speak with the warden. The deputy warden said he would not contact him or the governor. The convicts contacted him by phone and asked him to come to the prison and talk, but this he refused to do.

For over twelve hours there were no National Guard, State Police or prison guards except for those that lived on the compound and they refused to come near. Once there was word that a guard had been stabbed, however, the shit hit the fan. The prison guards and National Guard were so thick that a rat could not have squeezed through. Then everybody wanted to talk and save the guards. They turned inmate on inmate and it got out of hand.

Not one of the inmates in Cell Block 4 needed to have been hurt, the administration had eleven hours to get in the back door and get them out. But they were slick - they knew that the cell block and inmates within would come as a good diversion as well as a good way to have troublesome prisoners killed, those that had law suits and things over the guards. These were the ones that were killed. The administration would do nothing

Prisoners at the state prison in New Mexico have written a demand for food and shelter in the ground of the prison yard. They were forced to stay in the yard after rebelling against overcrowded conditions in the prison.

to stop it. Guards watched as people were tortured, as they were burnt with cutting torches, but it was the warden, governor and deputy warden that were responsible. Even though it was the convicts who pulled the trigger, it was the administration who supplied the gun and pointed it in the direction that they wanted it fired. The confusion caused the trigger to be pulled.

Every death was without a doubt a political murder. Every inmate in Cell Block 4 was used as a political prisoner to be traded for the guards. Each murder was urged and condoned by the administration who killed two birds with one stone and had the job done nicely.

Thirty-three inmates and convicts died for nothing except to get more funding for the admin-

istration so that a new building could be built and conditions alleviated somewhat. It took thirty-three dead to make the public see that something had to be done.

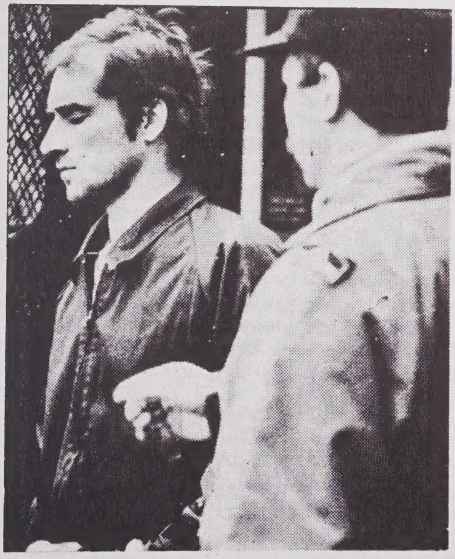
The administration is not satisfied with that though. It is looking forward to killing more inmates by way of the death penalty for murders the administration is responsible for. It is the administration that should be charged, not convicts. But the stories that were told were totally against the convicts and the administration were made out to be the good guys again. As long as there are prisons there will be riots, as long as men control other men behind bars there will be killings. The power of the administration can only come from more political people that have the power to give other men power to confine other men and run their lives. Until these men are brought down the cycle will continue. The only way we can fight against them is to think, be ready, and strike where they are the weakest, without hestitation, start from the bottom and work up. It can be done in many ways, through violence, through papers and magazines, through word of mouth. One thing to remember,

When the gates of the prisons open,
the real Dragons will fly out,
Never to be held captive again.

And the doors cannot remain closed forever. One by one we are set free, to remember our brothers after we are free is the main thing, and we can never forget our sisters that are behind bars with us.

Charles Clay Sanmann
#03175064
Marion, Illinois

cpf



Steve Hall

Prisoners Load

Cellblocks of fear and loneliness
men and women crying in the night,
guards smirking in places from which they watch
prisoners who have lost the will to fight.
Dreams and hopes of tommorrow
become tangled and lost by the end of the day,
loved ones become unreal memories
leaving an emptiness that eats you away.
Frustrations build from all the little things
no one to care or share your pain,
store it inside with the rest of the load
pray to the gods you don't go insane.

- Freddy Jo Morry

Skin Frisks

Recently the Federal Court of Canada ruled that it was illegal to skin-frisk, based on the wording of the Canadian penitentiary regulations, which in effect gives the head of an institution the authority to order a body-search when there is reasonable and probable grounds to believe that a prisoner is in possession of contraband.

The policy in this prison (Millhaven) is to assume that every prisoner is in possession of contraband everytime he is taken to and returns from medical security escorts, going to and from interviews with legal counsel, and interviews with personnel from various agencies. Prisoners returning from the open visiting room are all body-searched, and now since the Federal Court ruling, prisoners returning from having closed security visits have been skin-frisked. There is no possible way any contact can happen in the closed visiting area. The prisoner and his visitor are separated by a double-glass partition, conversations and movements are electronically monitored with surveillance devices as well as being watched by visiting staff personnel.

One reason used to justify skin-frisking (given by Warden Nicholas Carlos for his order to skin-frisk "thoroughly" every prisoner leaving or entering the penitentiary at Matsqui B.C.) was because of an incident that happened November 10th, 1978 in which a prisoner hid a knife on his person before being escorted to an outside hospital. The prisoner wounded two prison guards in his successful escape and he allegedly committed a murder before being recaptured. In actuality, skin-frisking has existed since the first prisoner was "processed" at the opening of Canada's first penitentiary which opened June 1st, 1835 in Kingston, Ontario. When a closer look is taken one can soon become aware that skin-frisking is intrinsic to "prisonerization" (conditioning). To get along a prisoner has to go along, rebellion can bring about punitive treatment. If for a moment you would think of a prisoner as a commodity or fodder you would understand the "whys" of a prison system that thrives so well.

I'd like to relate an experience that happened in a medium security penitentiary in this area in December 1976 to show how rules are applied to prisoners.

By the use of coercive tactics a prisoner is forced to submit to these inhumanities and humiliations. Refusal to submit results in being labelled a trouble-maker or incorrigeable and the prisoner finds himself constantly being antagonised and frustrated. Suitable employment is impossible to secure as are transfers, and this prisoner seems to be the focus of disciplinary enforcement. It becomes a game, a regressive game in terms of prisonerization. The prisoner becomes a time-bomb with the system constantly winding him up, until he blows and then all sorts of oppressive tactics are justified, depending on the extent of the out-burst. For some prisoners, its an implosion, they resort to self-mutilation in order to focus the pain; some have just surrendered and committed suicide.

The skin-frisking procedure also allows for extra humiliation and punishment of certain prisoners. Some prisoners are only required to bend over, others are ordered to reach around and spread their buttocks. Naturally, this practise insures that the prisoner will despise the guard. Administrative personnel, who make the rules, order the guard staff to blindly enforce these rules fully knowing that the hate and bitterness between guard and prisoner will be kept alive and healthy. A prison system thrives and people lose because the justice system has become a cornerstone in a class-conscious economic structure.

Prisoners are taught to disrespect authority because that authority has lost the legitimacy to command any respect. If they want respect then they have to earn it. The prison administration (law enforement officers) should undergo a rehabilitation program so that they can set an example that commands respect.

When I was ordered to take off my clothes for a skin-frisk upon returning from an open visit, I asked the guard if he was aware of the recent ruling by the Federal Court. I informed him that what he was ordering me to do was illegal unless there were reasonable and probable grounds to believe that I was in possession of contraband. He said that he was aware of the ruling but his orders were to skin-frisk every prisoner returning from a visit according to the procedures and rules. Obviously, the administrators have no respect for the law nor my rights. They are considered to be law enforcement officers and yet they do not enforce the laws that they refuse to recognise.

On December 22, 1976 my shoulder was painfully injured in a floor hockey game. The following day I was taken to Millhaven maximum security penitentiary for x-rays. Before leaving the medium security institution I was frisked, handcuffed and shackled. I protested the use of restraining equipment to the head of security on the grounds that I could not be considered a security risk in view of the fact that I had been approved for a three-day unescorted pass for Christmas, beginning the fol-

lowing day (December 24). I was informed that the rules apply to every prisoner with no exceptions even when it was blatantly obvious that the prisoner was no threat for escaping custody.

I was put in the security van and accompanied by 3 security guards to Millhaven where I was skin-frisked upon arrival. I was escorted to the hospital and into the x-ray room and then when I was leaving Millhaven I was skin-frisked again. When I arrived back at the medium security institution, I was told to take off my clothes again. This was to be the fourth skin-frisk by the same officers who had been within arms reach of me at all times. I pointed out that fact and the fact that it was extremely painful for me to take off the leisure sweater I was wearing. They echoed the same response that I heard from the Head of Security when I inquired about the logistics of the restraining equipment. One begins to wonder why the hiring procedures for guards require any academic back-ground.

It becomes blatantly clear that skin-frisks serve two functions, one - for security reasons and two, for prisonerization. Its like the two sides of a coin, one shown to the public and the other side of the coin for those of us caged on this side of the fence.

Prisoners are no strangers to the opposite sides of the coin that is shown to society; its applicable to the prison system as a whole. Its against human nature to be locked into a cage and then be given a number for an identity. The only way of imposing these inhumanities on people is to condition those persons by treating them with no respect as that would imply human status and that could lead prisoners to challenge the prison system that has been proven to do more harm than good to those incarcerated within the structure.

What constitutes "reasonable and probable grounds"? These are very wide guidelines and require a responsible evaluation and interpretation before a skin-frisk should be authorized by the Head of an institution. For example - if a hand scanner for metal detection was used, and if concealed metal was detected, then I'd say that reasonable and probable grounds were evident and sufficient to warrant the authorization of a skin-frisk. If a staff member observed a prisoner hiding an article on his person, then reasonable grounds exist (or may exist) to authorize a skin-frisk. A prisoner is watched in the visiting area (only nine visits at a time are permitted because of inadequate space in the open visiting area) by two staff supervisors.

Visitors and prisoners are also monitered on camera and it is claimed that conversations are also electronically monitored. Visitors are not even permitted to bring in a package of penny matches to the visiting area unless they are purchased from the cigarette machine that is owned and operated by the staff. The visitors have to pass through a metal detecting device and some will have been skin-frisked before being permitted to enter the prison.

I sure wouldn't want prison administrators to be in charge of killing black flies; they'd probably want to drop an atomic bomb on each fly. Their tendency to resort to "over-kill" indicates a lack of confidence in their own abilities to carry out their responsibilities with integrity and respect for the rights of other people. Surely skin-frisks that are conducted without reasonable and probable grounds in violation of the law, must be cruel and unusual punishment.

Ron VanBree
Millhaven

Kent

Cellblocks
of loneliness
and despair,
inmates clinging
to lost dreams
of loved ones
pretending nothing
between them
has changed;
watching pigs
slowly remake them
into nameless beings

who have
lost the will
to speak out
against the theft
of their manhood
and self-respect;
alone in a cell
with their
early morning fears
that rise
slowly within

to drain strength
much needed
to carry
them through
another hour;
another week,
another year.

- Freddie Jo Morry

Message from the Honorable S

For me, the world is divided into a very simple dichotomy: there are policemen and there are people. If you are a people you are my friend, my brother, my sister. If you are a policeman, you are my enemy, my oppression, and I will fight you in the spirit of Total Resistance until my dying breath.

It is not necessary for you to imprison yourself within the confines of any particular ideology or political philosophy to be a people. You may be a people without ever being consciously aware of having had a "political" thought in your head. The way you express your peoplehood is through your actions; by what you do in your everyday struggles. How you deal with your ongoing existence determines what you are. If you think people-thoughts and imagine yourself to be a people, but your actions are inconsistent in that they contribute nothing to peoplehood then your life is a sham, and all your good thinking is a matter of profound unimportance. To be a people you must live your life as a people.

In jail, your peoplehood is expressed in many ways, the most important of which is the obligation to demand of your keepers that you--as well as your brothers and sisters--be treated as human beings. Each time you acquiesce to inhumane treatment--either to yourself or to a brother or sister--you have traded part of your peoplehood for policemanhood. If you cooperate enough times by refusing to demand the respect and human dignity due you as a human being, you will wake up some morning and find that you have become part policeman.

Again, your political thoughts and ideals might be quite unclear and/or jumbled in your mind, or they may exist in such miniscule porportions that they are vitually unrecognizable, but your actions give you away as being part policeman if you support the police by failing to resist against the terms of confinement which degrade, humiliate and cause illegal and/or unnecessary suffering that relegates you to the status of a beast rather than human.

If you cooperate with the police by being tricked into using his control devices to spread disunity among your brothers and sisters then your peoplehood is the loser.

From birth, the masses of people in the united states are being conditioned to have a police mentality. They learn to differentiate between acceptable and unacceptable behaviour from their parents by the subtle (and sometimes not so subtle) ways culturally passed on from generation to generation by tradition of long standing. The institutions of racism, sexism, classism, individualism, greed, the "spirit of free enterprise" and competition, all go towards making a "good american." "Good americans" think in terms of "I", "Me", "Mine", rather than "we", "us", and "ours". Cooperative behaviour is taboo in the conditioning of "good americans."

"Goood americans" are found in all walks of life. The tiny minority of criminals who own the world could not own it without the cooperation of "good americans" who dream of becoming the oppressor themselves. "Good americans" control the educational system, television, radio, newspapers and national magazines.

What is "news"? When "society-created policemen" sit in their living rooms all over america watching the six o'clock "news" every evening, how many of them reflect on how many wonderous events occurred that date at some point on the globe?

As a case in point, lets look at the case of Leonard Peltier. On June 26, 1975, an Indian man by the name of Joe Stuntz was murdered by FBI agents at the Jumping Bull compound near the village of Ogala on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. The Indian people defended themselves from the indiscriminate firing of FBI guns, and two FBI agents were killed in the firefight that ensued.

anding Deer; Prisoner of War

Only four adult males were present at the spiritual encampment: Jimmy Eagle, Dino Butler, Bob Robideau and Leonard Peltier. All four were indicted for the "murder" of the FBI agents. The rest of the Indian people present at the spiritual encamptment were women, old people and children. Charges against Jimmy Eagle were dropped for lack of evidence. Dino Butler and Bob Robideau were found innocent by a jury in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, partly on the grounds of self-defence. Is it "murder" to defend your family and relatives when they are attacked without provocation by the guns of already proven murderers?

Leonard Peltier knew he could not receive a fair trial in the courts of Greed, and he escaped to Canada. Leonard was later given a sham "trial" in Fargo, North Dakota. Leonard was denied a defense, as the star witness who had claimed to have been present at the scene of the firefight, and further claimed in affidavits written by David Price of the FBI (in order to get Leonard illegally extradited from Canada) that she was Leonard's "girlfriend", but it was shown that she was not only not Leonard's "girlfriend", but it was shown that she could not even identify Leonard Peltier in the courtroom. She further stated that the FBI agents had made up the affidavits and coereced her into signing them under the threat that she and her child would be murdered as was Anna Mae Acquish. Incredibly, the judge ruled her testimony to be irrevelent. He said the FBI wasn't on trial--only Leonard Peltier was on trial. As a result, Leonard Peltier, a deeply religious man who has never killed anybody is in the infamous Control Unit at Marion, Illinois serving two consecutive Life sentences and seven years for a "crime" he did not commit. Let us look for a moment, and see how the so-called "news" helped to bring this injustice about.

Besides the firefight described above, did 10,000 events take place that day? Did 10,000,000? Were any Indian or Third World women of child bearing age forcibly sterilized that day? Did the now fugitive from justice Shah of Iran have any of his political enemies tortured to death on June 26, 1975? Unless from some unusual personal knowledge in the head of an individual who happened to be involved in events such as these, we, the masses of people, will never know, because such things were not considered "news".

On June 26, 1975, when the united states stole one-eigth of the Pine Ridge Reseervation did any watcher of the six o'clock "news" know that the united states had just stolen 80 billion dollars worth of Indian land containing heavy deposits of uranium ore? Why was that act of thievery not considered "news"?

Did any children die of starvation in the richest nation on earth that day? Were any freedom fighters tortured to death in Uraguay, by the "police" backed by the united states CIA? We will never know, because if these things, and much more, occurred on June 26, 1975, it was not considered "news".

What was considered "news" was the shooting of two political FBI police--by Indian people in self-defense--who were specialists in terrorizing indigenous peoples confined on concentration kamps in their own land by the united states.

Why was this event worthy of twelve minutes of prime time television? Was the murder of Joe Stuntz, an Indian man, completely unworthy of "news", much less an investigation?

Who is this creature called a "news editor"? Where did he get the training to decide which events would be reported as "news"? Did he decide on 6 to 10 events to be "reported" as "news"? He must have, but what was his criteria, and whose interests did he represent? Who taught him that the other 9,994 (or ten times that number) of events were not to be considered "news"? The answer is that the nation's policemen, sitting in their chairs

in front of their televisions, are receiving the most successful form of brainwashing yet devised by the conceptual apparatus of man. The masses are being conditioned to be policemen without ever wearing uniforms, or belonging to the law enforcement industry.

Do the policemen who wear no uniforms, who watch the six o'clock "news", read their morning newspaper and listen to the radio "news" on their car radios on the way to work seriously imagine they are being informed about everything approaching reality? Do the readers of TIME, NEWSWEEK, u.s. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT, etc., gain any information at all about the struggle for freedom raging all over the world? You be the judge!

The more "news" issued by a controlled media that people listen or see the less they know about what is actually happening in the world, and as a consequence, the further they stray from the people. The tiny minority of multi-millionaire criminals who "own" the world use language itself as a control device, and their "experts" have sold the masses into perpetual bondage by making them believe in the concept of unbiased "news" reporting. The concept of providing the people with "news" is one of the most brilliant achievements, on the part of the ruling class, to protect their self-interest of priviledge for themselves at the expense of the many.

Did Columbus really "discover" america? The "education system" told my eight-year-old daughter that he did. She thought I was crazy when I told her that her ancestors had been living on this land for more than 50,000 years before Columbus stumbled onto our shores thinking he was in India. I explained to her that our country was invaded by sea pirates more than 500 years ago; kidnapped the Black man from Africa to do his work and exploited Our Mother until there is hardly anything--lakes, streams, forests, the food we eat and the very air we breathe--that is not polluted. The sea pirates ate the heart out of the melon in the name of profit and now their decendents fight like jackals over the rind.

I told her that america was built on genocide, slavery and thievery, but today the descendents of these murderers, slavers and thieves enjoy the utmost respect as politicians, bankers and the owners of muli-national corporations. True to their inbred greed and avariciousness these criminals are now attempting to steal the pitifully small amount of land and energy resources Indian people have left. They do it by using the tried and proven tactics of colonialism.

First, they "educate" Indian "leaders"; next, they place them in positions of power as Tribal Chairmen through "fair elections" conducted by the people. The people who vote them into office are the friends and relatives who stand to gain a part of the united states' green paper being freely distributed in something called "programs". That traditional Indians don't vote is of no consequence because there is always enough "hang around the fort" people to get their friends elected. The game is played until the "legal representatives" of the tribe make deals with the multi-national conglomerates (with full backing of the united states) to give away the land and resources at a tiny fraction of its true value. There can be no price in green paper put on our land. Who can sell a tree? Without our land base we will become a truly conquered people, but the "hang around the fort people" think only of today.

Of course, I do not refer to all of our Tribal Chairmen as puppets of the united states. Some of our Tribal Chairmen are thoroughly committed to improving the lot of the people. It is the Dick Wilson types of which I speak.

Now, the descendants of the sea pirates have made laws saying that we cannot even live on our

Leonard Peltier

ancestral lands; the ancient burial grounds upon which dwell the Spirits of our great grand-fathers and grand-mothers. The sacred Paha Sapa is being violated as the final insult to traditional religion of our people. Uranium tailings have been left exposed to sicken and/or kill the people, and perhaps cause harm to our unborn generations that we cannot even predict.

The schools do not "educate" the young. The schools teach historical falsifications that are designed to force the "students" into adopting the values of the very criminals who oppress them. Schools make children become receptacles where rote learning of lies and propaganda are poured into their heads until they develop the police mentality.

Where will this all end? Are there no more Warriors who will become fund raisers through compulsory expropriations from banking facilities in order to support AIM Survival Schools and other worthwhile organizations that have the true interests of the people in their hearts? Everything in this country belongs to the people. Nothing belongs to the criminals who exploit us. It is the duty of the people to take what is rightfully theirs.

I am in Greed's Ironhouse. The whiteman captured me in 1976, and he intends to try to keep me locked-up until I die. Granted, he has the power to do this. But there is a difference between power and authority. Power comes from the willingness to use brute force and guns to subjugate

and perform genocide on an entire race of people. The whiteman's policemen will do this because their ethic approves of such conduct. I cannot beat the whiteman's Ironhouse because he has the guns and I have none. When the positions are reversed, however, and I have the gun, then I am holding just as much power - and with just as much authority as the whiteman's policemen. But authority is another matter entirely. Authority is a transaction that takes place in the mind, and each of us can either grant it or deny it. Without a personal granting of authority - that only you as an individual can give or withold - the policeman, in all his many guiles, must operate from a position of illegitimate authority. His authority over the lives of the poor has always been illegitimate but too few of us are aware of it because of the conditioning we have received, and are receiving, and shall receive from cradle to grave. Without our granting of authority, he will still operate, but it will be without our consent or cooperation, and this makes his job infinately more difficult. Not impossible, but DIFFICULT!

Why cooperate in your own self destruction and that of your children? I have chosen not to grant authority to my oppressor. I AM A PRISONER OF WAR! I will live in the Spirit of Total Resistance until the day I die! I am Oneida/Choctaw. I am of the indigenous peoples of this land. I will always be with and of the people.

All people - Black, Brown, Red, Yellow and anti-imperialist Whites - must come together to defeat the policeman. The first step is to understand that there is a degree of policeman in all of us that has been conditioned into us without our knowledge or consent by the institutions of Capitalism. This police mentality inherited from Greed's control devices must be sought out, struggled with and killed. Only then can we hope to ultimately defeat those who hold us in bondage. Only then can we be totally committed to the liberation of human beings everywhere.

We must do this so that our unborn generations may live in peace and freedom. I will not live to see that glorious day, but my resistance will never die because it is in the Spirit of Crazy Horse.

Standing Deer
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united states concentration kamp
Post Office Box 33
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Prisoner Apathy

I just read your letter to Smoke and the Clarion articles on Lorne (Zee) Zorian and the teargas on S.H.U. at Millhaven. I am left feeling very much afraid. Afraid because these articles written by you with the full intention of getting the facts of what is happening to human beings in our prison system, out to the public, and also to the prisoners themselves seemed to be glanced at and quickly hidden away so the public and prisoners can pretend to themselves that they do not know what is happening. I can understand the citizens on the street not wanting to become aware of what they are at least partly responsible for (because they will not demand to know how their tax dollars are being spent in this country's prisons nor demand to have the prisons open to public inspection at all times.) But i cannot understand how prisoners themselves can close their eyes to what is happening. This is what scares me.

Do you realise that the guards in charge of this prison can walk into my cell, put me into chains, drag me out and beat me to death. They would tell the population that i fell down the stairs (accidental death) and except for a handful of prisoners (people) no one in this prison will do or say anything because they do not want to take a chance on losing their visits or socials. Good God! What is the matter with them? Don't they realise that this can and does happen? It could be one of them. I used to wonder how the Jews could be so blind as to let themselves be herded up and shipped off to Death with alot of them even participating in the roundup of their own families. But now i understand for the same non-seeing, non-caring apathy has fallen on the majority of prisoners. This is especially so here in B.C. where about 80 per cent of the prison population do not care what happens as long as it hopefully does not happen to them.

August 10th is almost upon us, one day that was originally set up as a show of solidarity of prisoners themselves; a day to remember those prison brothers who have been beaten to death, "died accidentally", or committed suicide in the S.H.U.s across the country. Bobby Landers (accidental death? S.H.U. Millhaven) whose whole life was dedicated to the destruction of the prison system was one of these. He was 'a prisoner and a man' who will live on in every word i write as long as my heart beats.

This day is also for all the prisoners who have died inside of on their way out of prisons across the country. And for all the injustices prisoners suffer every minute of the day, every day of the year. It is a show of solidarity but only for a token few.

Let's see what we can do about that! I know i for one would like to see the prisons shut down completely with everyone staying right in their cells. No movement whatsoever. No talking for whatever reason. Silence! No eating, a complete 24 hour fast! August 9th which is a Saturday, can be used for talking, picture taking, demonstrations, etc, or this can be done on Monday the 11th. But August 10th which is a Sunday this year should be spent in silent contemplation, with August 11th 1980 to August 9th 1981 used as a time for learning to stand up as men once more.

Thanks for the letter to Smokie, i needed it. Right now i am into my fourth week locked into my cell, not working, not going for meals (i have a peanut butter or jam sandwhich at night.) I go for a 30 minute walk between 9:30 and 10 p.m. It is for a personal protest, for a transfer back to Quebec and in protest of conditions here in S.H.U. which are really deplorable. But the frightened children here don't seem to have the balls to stand up and be counted and the couple of dozen men who are willing cannot accomplish anything without the support of the majority. It's a very frustrating situation.

This letter or any part of it or any material that comes into your hands with my name on it, you're more than welcome to use in your prison newsletter or in any other way that will be helpful to prisoners and the 'people' which should be the name used in reference to prisoners who still retain their Pride and Dignity. I am not only talking about those inside the walls in today's world. We are all prisoners of one kind or another. If we can find and unite the 'People" from all walks of life, then we will be able to accomplish any goal we set our sights on. What about a people's union?

In Perfect Love
Be What Thou Wilt
Freddie Jo Morry
Kent

Prison Nurtures Violence

I am a prisoner who was serving time in Joyceville, a medium security institution. While there I was working in the pilot project as a welder and supporting my family. After working there for a year, and for no apparent reason, I was thrown into solitary and three days later I was transferred to Millhaven penitentiary. After repeated inquiries from my family and myself as to why I was transferred here, no reasons were given other than that I was too outspoken towards institutional policies.

This transfer left me in a state of frustration and utter helplessness to the point where I needed medication for fits of depression. I repeatedly told the doctor and psychiatrist that I was bordering on feelings of self-destruction and that

I might not hurt only myself but others with whom I was in contact. I was given medication for ten days only.

I have repeatedly been in front of the work placement board where I explained my situation and asked for a type of job where I could be by myself with little noise to disturb me in my nerves. I was refused and put into noisy shops where I was not wanted by the shop instructors because of my nervous condition. For these rejections I was thrown into solitary confinement.

I wrote to Ottawa describing my plight. I explained to them that I was taking art and music courses and wanted to do these studies in my cell during working hours. They agreed but left it up to the discretion of the institutional staff here. After showing them the correspondence, they flatly refused because I went over their heads. I was told that they run things here in Millhaven.

I went to see Doctor Workman again and explained that my level of frustration was approaching violence and that I was concerned as to what I might do to myself or others. I was given three days off work and a heat treatment. I reported to work on a Monday and explained the situation to my instructor. He sent me back to my cell. In turn security said that I was to go back to work or be charged with refusing to work. I proceeded to the shop and after experiencing extreme pain which, along with the fact that I was on mood altering drugs, caused me to blank out mentally. When I came to my senses, I realized that in my mental state I had caused major damage to finished products and had smashed windows, machinery, and had struck an instructor with an eight foot length of 2x4.

I was charged, put into solitary confinement for fourty days and lost thirty days remission. I am presently segregated from the population by P.S.R. (Prison Security Regulation) 240 "for the maintaince and good order of the institution". I was told that I would probably be kept in segregation for the remainder of my time or that I would be transferred to another prison away from my family.

I feel that the situation I am now in was created by the prison staff yet I am the one being punished. The only good outcome of all this is that no one was seriously hurt or killed. The question that I ask is will the institution continue this type of practise of ignoring a prisoner's request for help when he feels that a situation is getting crucial and could lead to violence just to show that they are the ones who run these places? This may result in the deaths of prisoners or staff. These questions should be looked into very seriously to prevent a reoccurence by some other prisoner.

I honestly feel that security does not want to prevent this since after all violence gives them the reason to cry for danger pay and a chance to fatten their paychecks and to call for more prison construction. One must realize that the word security means less movement within prisons and less work for the staff who have no concern for rehabilitation. I am one of many who want to make something of themselves but prisoners are deprived of that opportunity.

Millhaven

Prison Deaths Remembered

Once again, its time for togetherness on August 10th; a time to remember our fellow prisoners who have died in our prisons across Canada. Its a day to bow our heads and deprive ourselves of some of the necessities for a day. Myself, I feel good to know and say that I never miss an occasion to follow my instincts and pride to mourn for our dead comrades. Its a day also, to think of our fellow prisoners in S.H.U. If there is any unusual and criminal act committed directly by Ottawa, surely one is building a prison within a prison where the conditions are against human rights. It seems also that our government is always the first to put down other countries on the basis of human rights. And I am sure that lots of people like myself know its time for them to look in their own backyard. Its no excuse to say that its necessary to have a S.H.U. to protect inmates from other, more dangerous ones. What are the maximum security prisons built for? Well, its for thse guys who are not entitled to go to a medium or minimum security prison. So, its those guys up in S.H.U. who do not qualify for those less secure prisons. Yet 98 per cent of the people in maximum security shouldn't be there.

Myself, I am one of the few, who are caught in a web that your government built. I look around and see that a great majority of the population in Millhaven has less than a year or so left on their sentences. A great percentage of them are here merely on suspicion. Mostly, suspicion of being suspicious.

How ridiculous it must sound, but how true it is. Its time you people out there, the representatives of Canada, open your eyes and demand your government abolish the S.H.U. and give those guys up there all their human rights back.

Guy
Millhaven

Reaction

When you read this article I would like you to be sitting alone in a quiet environment where you can relax and are able to think. Kind of the way I am as I'm writing this.

Try and place yourself in the Vietnam War as a soldier who has never seen violent death, nor experienced the type of fear which is present when you are in a face to face situation with another person who is attempting to kill you. Think of soldiers during World War II, thousands and thousands of men in the Pacific, or in the invasion of Europe, wading ashore, disciplined to obey orders under fire. They too must have been full of the kind of savagery that comes from fear, their emotions so knotted that fear became indistinguishable from the emotion of trying to suppress that fear...each man driven by animal instinct to survive, each man overcoming that fear by destroying the source of that fear.

Now try and substitute that fear with pain; the pain of unfrustrated frustration; the pain of unexpressable anger; the pain of almost total alienation of your loved ones; the pain of constant assault on the most sanctimonious aspect of a human life - the Soul. How would you react?

The soldier reacts to fear by killing. How do I as a prisoner react to this pain? Dr. Richard Horn, noted California Criminologist, when asked to compare solitary confinement with whipping, or other forms of physical punishment, stated: "The evidence simply is that if you keep people long enough, they will engage in self-torture, simply to focus the pain. So obviously, if the inmate chooses the infliction of...physical punishment, they have indicated the answer to that question. Physical pain which is definite, which I can control... is much more bearable than a torment that I can neither understand nor control."

You have been hearing of the increase in prison violence for the last ten years. What is causing this increase? In the United States - Attica, Walla Walla, San Quentin, Sante Fe, etc. In Canada - Kingston Penitentiary, Millhaven, Laval, British Columbia, etc. Why? Could it be that thousands of Canadian Prisoners are feeling pain and reacting in the only way possible? You may say that prisoners have grievance mechanisms, Correctional Investigators, access to the Commissioner of Correctional and/or the Solicitor General, Members of Parliament or even Parliamentary Sub-Committees and Royal Commissions. You may think that we have ample avenues open to us. Yet look at what happened at British Columbia Penitentiary in 1976. The prisoners started climbing the bureaucratic ladder in April of that year. On Septimber 27, 1976 B.C. Pen. rioted. Why didn't any of these other avenues work?

Each of these avenues fall into one of two categories. The first is that they have no legal power to make changes; they can only recommend that changes be made. Secondly, their place in society depends on the very system they are being complained to about.

So we are left with the pain. At times it is almost physical. How do you react? As they say; for every action there is a reaction. When guys riot, take hostages, etc., they are no longer appealing to the government. They are doing the only thing which they feel will attract your attention. They are saying to the public, "We cannot take anymore pain! We are asking you, the public, to do something about it." It is unreasonable that they should have to go to such lengths to get your ear. It is your responsibility to ask the government and the prisoners just what is going on inside of Canada's penal system. Everytime there is a riot that costs millions of dollars, you the public should be demanding accountability. There was one smash-up that was a direct result of the actions of one guard. Was he fired? No. He was given an easier and better paying job. He did not have to pay any more than you as a taxpayer had to pay for his inflammatory remarks. Slowly we have gained an ear of the public. There are people who listen to us when we complain and speak out when they see injustices. But they are few. One man recently wrote a number of administrative people demanding an explanation of their actions. He then wrote us and explained that he saw the injustices and had added his 'lone voice' to our struggle. We would like to thank him. If more people like him were to step out and speak their mind, he would no longer be a lone voice.

We have found another way. We are the Odyssey Group in Millhaven Penitentiary. I am proud to be the secretary of this Group. We are fighting for the rights of prisoners. We do not lay claim to any rights which you as a citizen of Canada and a human being are not entitled to. We lay claim to the following rights:

The Right to meaningful work with fair wages,
The Right to useful education and training,
The Right to proper and adequate medical care,
The Right to freedom of speech and religion,
The Right to freedom of the press,
The Right to free and adequate legal services,

The Right to independant review of all prison decision making and conditions,
The Right to vote,
The Right to adequate work and fire safety standards,
The Right to marry and raise a family in such a way as family is not punished for our transgressions,
The Right to Natural Justice and Due Process,
The Right to determine the path of our own future,
The Right to be treated as Human Beings.

This is a long and frustrating fight. I do not know if our goals will be realized while I am a prisoner. But what of the man who takes my number when I am gone? I don't want to see him suffer the pain I have. In order for us to reach this goal in our lifetimes, we must educate you, the public. We must show you the odious attitude, arrogance and actions which affect our daily lives. But will we be able to in time? If there is one thing which prisons breed into prisoners, it is impatience.

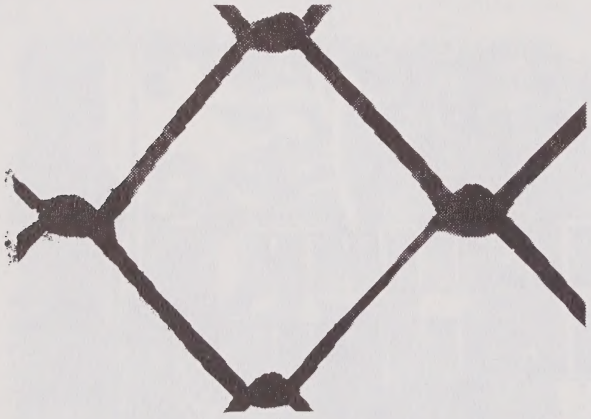
We have a long fight ahead of us. I hope our struggles are not wasted. Any reactions to this article, be they negative or positive, are most welcome.

J.R. Boisclair
Millhaven Penitentiary
P.O. Box 280
Bath, Ontario
KOH 1GO

Conditioning a Prisoner

My conditioning to play the role of prisoner probably began immediately after birth, although my recollection of it probably doesn't begin until I was about three or four. By then, I had already learned that all adults were my superiors and must be obeyed.

Ironic isn't it? The people who most loved me, and the people I learned to love, my parents, were first instrumental in condemning me to a lifetime of servitude. Why not? They had centuries of tradition and the whole stupid bible to prove they were right. I was born, like all human beings, with one right; the right to say no. No one could have taken that right from me. I had to be taught to surrender it.



Probably the most persuasive force at that stage of my imprisonment was being taught to believe in the book of Genesis. I was taught that god was good and must be obeyed. To disobey god was to follow Satan, the first rebel, and like him, spend eternity in everlasting hell. God was my creator. He loved me, would look out for me, and would see that I had everlasting peace in heaven after I died. All I had to do was spend the rest of my life worshipping and obeying his every command. I couldn't say no. What kind of kid at that age could ever resist a tyrant that offered me either peace or everlasting torment.

It made me an easy conquest for my next stage of prison indoctrination. That came from a very beautiful person whom I still think of with fondness. My grade one teacher.

She is a nun. She taught me to kindly obey my three wardens; god, the pope and Mackenzie King (Prime Minister of Canada at that time). She also taught me to obey their representatives; the priests and the police. Other people were to be respected. They were to be obeyed. For submitting to that tyranny, I was offered the solace of knowing that to obey was good; to rebel was evil. I almost obeyed.

The policeman was to be obeyed without question. The gun he carried was there to protect me as long as I followed the rules laid down by my wardens. If I ever dared refuse it was there to kill me. I believed the latter, but I still disobeyed.

For that, I was given an indefinite term in segregation. Segregation was called St. John's Training School on Victoria Park Avenue in Scarborough (Ont.). Their emphasis was on the training part of their title.

I guess the real difference between that segregation and the prison I just left was the tighter control of the prisoners. The first time I dared disobey, they shackled my ankles to the end legs of a cot and placed handcuffs on my wrists. They bent me over the cot by pulling on the handcuffs and began to whip my bare buttocks until they looked like a piece of hamburger. I was thirteen at the time and not very wise.

I cried, I begged, and I screamed for mercy, but the Good Christian Brothers just kept whipping me. When they were finished, they carried me to the hole. I couldn't walk on my own. The hole wasn't very nice. It was a steel cage set off in the corner of a storeroom. My bed was constructed of long straps of one inch flat iron and was very rough. I had that, two blankets, and a slop bucket. The storeroom had one window but it was painted black to keep the light out. The lights were kept off so it was very dark in there.

I was very lonely and afraid. For the first few days, I cried to be let out whenever they brought me my bread and water. It didn't do any good so I did the rest of the three weeks without crying. They hadn't succeeded in teaching me to blindly obey, but they had taught me not to beg for mercy. The Good Christian Brothers didn't have any.

Later they paroled me from segregation and sent me back to live with my parents. I had atoned for disobeying. It wasn't long after that they revoked my parole and I was placed back in segregation. This time at the Guelph Reformatory.

The segregation at Guelph was much more sophisticated than it had been at St. John's. They didn't have to chain me to a bed for my whippings. They had a carefully constructed machine for that purpose. They even had a doctor holding my pulse while they did their whipping. They didn't teach me to obey and I had already learned not to beg for mercy so my masters built a new segregation at Millbrook and sent people like me there.

Millbrook wasn't all that different from Guelph except for the hole. They had a toilet in solitary which flushed automatically every few minutes and it was harder to escape from.

They let me out of segregation after I had completed my sentence and I went back to the prison at large. I still hadn't learned to kneel before my masters though so they revoked by parole again. This time they placed me in segregation at Kingston.

I found my fellow prisoners at Kingston much the same as those at Millbrook but much easier to

get along with than those at Guelph. The goons were about as brutal and inhuman as at the other places though. My sentence came to completion and I was paroled again.

This time I went to work when I got out of segregation. My new warders weren't allowed to whip, beat, or gas me when I disobeyed. They could only make me starve to death for defying them. Sometimes I did though and was forced to seek new warders.

After a few years of that, they revoked my parole again and sent me back to segregation at Kingston. That didn't last too long though as my fellow prisoners tore it down the day after I got there. I was in solitary by then. It doesn't take too long to make solitary once you're in segregation.

Our warders didn't like us tearing down that segregation though, so they sent us to a brand new one at Millhaven. When we got there, the O.P.P. (Ontario Provincial Police) stood guard while the Millhaven goons greeted us with a gauntlet of swinging clubs.

About a year later some of us escaped, but our masters sent out their troops to round us up. When I was in solitary after coming back, I was shown pictures of the prisoners outside the segregation compound guarding their domiciles with shotguns and rifles. They believed their masters and thought we were the people that were trying to enslave them. To blindly obey was good; to rebel was evil.

The prisoners inside the compound didn't always obey though so they were clubbed into unconsciousness. They were gassed and they were attacked by German Sheppard dogs. It didn't serve its purpose from our warders' viewpoint. Sometimes my peers still rebel.

The next time I escaped from the compound, a prisoner outside saw the direction I took and phoned the police. She still believes that to blindly obey is good.

When they brought me back to segregation that time it was very unpleasant. My fellow convicts were rebelling and the goons tried to gas us into submission. My cellblock was enveloped in gas for three weeks without let-up. The warders wore gasmasks to bring us our meals. Most of us wouldn't eat them though. The goons were putting nice little things like cigarette butts and dirt into the food.

A couple of years later, I escaped from segregation again but was recaptured and placed in the compound at Windsor less than three months later. The physical surroundings were a little different there, but the goons had the same mentality.

After fifteen months, I made my last appearance before a pig in a black robe and was flown back to Millhaven. Nothing had changed.

It was four or five months after returning that I tried to escape with three others. We ran into a shooting gallery. The goons wounded two of my friends with shotgun pellets to the head and murdered the third. Shot dead, still inside the compound.

In irons, I was taken to Napanee to appear before an inquest into the murder of my friend. Two lawyers directed their questions toward exonerating the killers, nobody directed any questions toward establishing the truth.

I am still in Millhaven three years later and still have fourteen to go. If I live that long and I probably will, I'll be released from segregation back into the general prison at large. I will be released a much wiser man. I have learned that the people who loved me were wrong. God is not good; god is evil. That crock of crap can no longer be used to make me feel guilty for rebellion against a slave mentality.

My freedom to say no has been returned to me and I like it. A bunch of goons stand guard over me with shotguns, rifles, and pistols twenty-four hours a day. They can no longer hide behind a morality dictated to me by someone else. All of the subtleties have been torn away and nothing is left but the power of the gun. I am free to make my own judgements of what is right or wrong.

I will never be free from prison because my fellow prisoners outside the compound do not realize that they are prisoners. They gleefully hold out their hands for any crumb their slave masters hand down to them. Even the most liberal of them do not seek personal freedom. They fear it. They cannot shake off the shackles of generations of slavery. All they can do is spend their time at universities seeking alternatives and more benevolent means of control. Very few ever seek to destroy all control so that they can become true human beings.

They are slaves. Fuck them.

Tommy Smith

Unwanted Trips

The intention of this letter is to disclose our plight regarding involuntary transfers. The disclosure hopefully will inform, educate and motivate others to support our endeavors to be returned to our region where we come from and rightfully belong.

Presently 7 of us are in the segregation unit cell block #1 protesting the legality and fairness of these transfers. The prisoners named are Rod Camphaug, Stan Mingo, Jack McKeil, Tom Merritheu, Jack MaHoney, Mel Miller and myself, Tony Speciale.

In the past ten months, some of the above have been transferred on four different occassions to penitentiaries in various parts of the country. The average rate of transfer frequency is once every three-and-a-half months. The technique employed is strip-searched, shackled, chained, abducted, and persuaded at gun point and by snarling German Shepards to board a plane and be transferred to another province. At this point, the ordeal begins, upon admission to the recieving prison, some are placed in solitary confinement/segregation often for months until we are transferred to another province on the basis that the recieving prison is biased/paranoid due to unsubstantiated allegations/suspicions that are preconceived and reported by the previous prison. The majority of us were not charged with any disciplinary misconduct. Yet the transfers result in severe punishment, an extreme measure which is unwarranted.

Involuntary Inter-Regional Transfers have devastating effects. A prisoner is taken away from his family and friends; his rights to obtain visits are infringed upon because the distance makes it economically/socially/geographically impractical. The community resources he has worked hard to acquire are severed, posing a set-back in his release plans into the free society. Some have impending appeals against conviction and sentence, however, the transfer has decreased the quality of the defense preparation and destroyed confidentiality in Solicitor/Client communication. Eventually the prisoner, after having exhausted all civilized/legal pleas to an insensitive prison system to be returned to his own region, will involve himself in serious protests for the deliberate purpose of a return transfer. Some prison disturbances, murder and hostage-takings, are attributed to this factor. The final solution is dangerously unnecessary and can be prevented by the penal system to enact upon each region to deal with their own problems instead of inconsiderately transferring prisoners involuntarily to other provincial regions.

Section 13 of the Penitentiary Act empowers the Commissioner to transfer a prisoner anywhere in Canada. The Federal Court Act, S. 28 does not have the jurisdiction to intervene on penitentiary decisions since the Commissioner's directives are not required to act in a judicial or quasi-judicial manner. The Penitentiary System appears to thrive on its absolute dictatorial powers. However, an administrative body is compelled to act fairly, impartial and without bias. The decision to transfer in our case is devoid of the essential ingredient to "act fairly" as it disregards the damaging effect a transfer to another province will have on the prisoner's social, marital and community relationships which are of paramount rehabilitative value and sufficient cause to abandon the decision to transfer.

In essence, Involuntary Inter-Regional Transfers are clearly a violation of the Canadian Bill of Rights Part 1, Section 1(b) "the right of the individual to equality before the law and the protection of the law"; 2(b) "authorize or effect the arbitrary detention, imprisonment or exile of any person; 2(b) "impose or authorize the imposition of cruel and unusual punishment"; 2(e) "deprive a person of the right to a fair hearing in accordance with the priciples of fundamental justice for the determination of his rights and obligations."

Until recently convicted women anywhere in Canada sentenced to imprisonment for two years or more were transferred to Kingston Prison for Women. The Elisabeth Fry Society and other conscientious bodies protested this procedure, I presume on the grounds of Human Rights. Women sentenced, for example, in British Columbia or the East Coast were sent to Kingston, Ontario, thus cruelly separated from their loved ones, friends and other humane factors. After considerable pressure from a concerned populace, the directives were amended to provide prison facilities in each province to house federal female prisoners rather than send them to Kingston. Concerning our position, the only amendment required is to prevent prisoners from being transferred inter-regionally against their will.

In summation, we attempt to dissolve Involuntary Inter-Regional Transfers. The result would realize a more relaxed atmosphere in penitentiaries, save the taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, allow us the right to maintain family relationships and to be treated like human beings. Your support is valid and vital. The lawyers involved in the legal proceedings is Mr. Claude Lanctot, 1410 Boul. St. Elisabeth, Laprairie Quebec.

In Strength and Solidarity
Anthony Speciale
St. Vincent de Paul

News From Nowhere

The author of the following letter, Bobby Paul, 37, was a long-time jailhouse lawyer and resourceful, militant prison organizer until his escape from Oakalla Prison in Burnaby, British Columbia on June 29, 1980. In all his work behind bars, he represented a strong force for collective action

This is a letter from nowhere, but nowhere is better than the place I was, or the place I was going to. I have just escaped from Oakalla Prison in B.C. just as I was about to be transferred to Kent Maximum Security Penitentiary. I know this makes me a marked man; I know I will never have a normal life again in the company of my friends, my family, my loved ones; I know what the odds are against me. But I figure my chances of staying free are as good as anybody's on parole.

Although it hardly seems necessary that I should explain why I escaped, I feel I should point out a few things. I was released from Kent on parole last January (1980) after doing eight years of an 11-year sentence for armed robbery, among other things. During that eight years, I made the inside tour of Canada's maximum security Brain Scramblers. I've seen Kingston and Prince Albert Segs. (segregation units) and a lot of the B.C. Pen, and what it had to offer during the past seven years. I was educated there.

It was grim schooling. How can I explain it to somebody who hasn't been through the ordeal? You just can't appreciate the complete and utter squandering, the waste of lives, that goes on in Maximum.

There is nothing to prepare you for eventual release--no programs, no training for jobs, no chance to make even the smallest decision about the direction of your own life.

I just couldn't imagine myself going back to Kent. Sure, it looks good when you first see it--clean and well lit. But after a few days, you see it for what it is: a 1984-style, super-technology, pastel shaded nightmare.

You can only shudder, "My god, what have I gotten myself into?" This is my home for the months and years to come. At least with a dungeon like the B.C. Pen, it was out in the open from the start.

After eight years of dead time, I was released into the beautiful but mean old city again. A lot of things change in eight years. It seems that the time and effort required to recover from doing such a stretch is almost equal to doing the time itself. Yet somebody on parole is expected to walk out the door of prison and overnight become a model citizen - complete with new job, new friends, and a totally new lifestyle.

I recall one day on parole going to the park with a friend. It was a beautiful and peaceful scene - the grass was green and the sun was shining. But I couldn't help feeling that I no longer belonged in such a beautiful setting. After eight years inside, I felt like an alien, someone from a different planet.

Mandatory parole is an invisible yoke around your neck that serves to convince you that you are doomed to return to that ugly, waiting cell. The parole board goes through the motions and has all the rhetoric, but they don't really expect anyone who has been through the Brain Scramblers to make it for long. They put you on a string, then bounce you on the end of it until it's time to reel you in. They know the system doesn't work; in fact, one parole officer told me that he was surprised and amazed that I had made it through the first three weeks in a half-way house.

My parole was suspended after police charged me with robbing a bank. I was arrested in a local court where I had gone to pay a traffic fine. Apparently, a "witness" from the bank had picked my picture out of a photo lineup. What else can a person on parole expect? Their photos are on file with the police from the day they are released; they are always the ones the police go to first.

The parole service didn't waste any time lifting my parole. They didn't even bother to ask any of my family if they knew where I was on the day in question. Now, would anyone believe that I am innocent? I am, but at this stage, the point seems to be academic. I suppose I could have waited around to see what would happen at my trial. But I'm afraid I'm a bit sceptical when it comes to the courts.

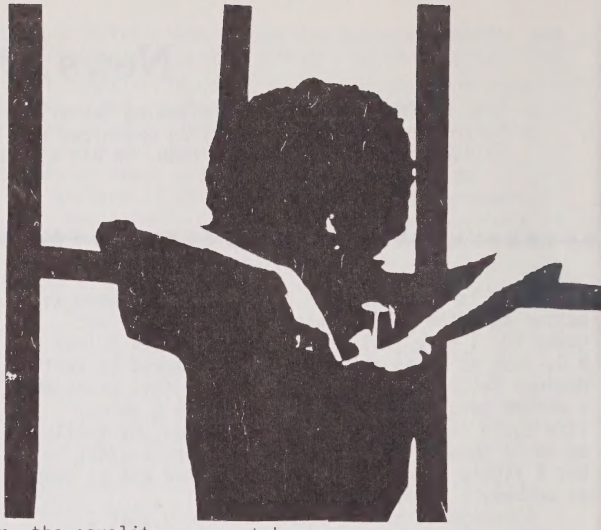
So here I am - "nowhere". But that pleases me fine right now. I have no idea where I'll be going. I know the odds are against my continued freedom. The deck is stacked, but it's the only game in town. In spite of that, I can say I actually feel better now - free - than I did when I was released on parole - on the leash.

Today is Canada's birthday, I'd like to send a card. The message is: Happy birthday O Canada. Congratulations! You have grown up. From my perspective, you have grown from old, grey dungeons to

modern, pastel-shaded, solitary cells with electric doors and even windows to look out of. You have a right to be proud, as proud as that red-coated, policeman on his musical horse. But tell me, Canada, about those semi-wadcutter exploding bullets in your little leather holsters, and all those people spending their lives and minds in little locked pastel rooms!

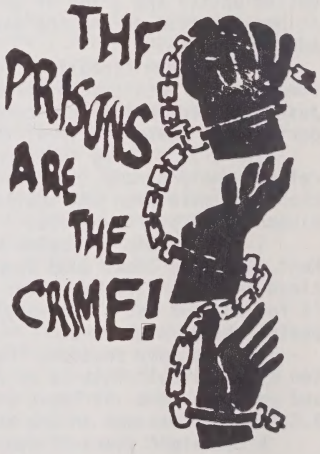
I'm on my way now, and I wish me luck. I really wish I could stay. Canada is a beautiful place - to look at. But to me it's only that waiting cell. So I'm running to improve my sanity, to heal my wounds. Not to escape justice, but to find some.

Bobby Paul
Nowhere



Anarchism is frightening because Anarchism is Freedom
Anarchism is your soul's desire, your heart's delight, your dreams so sweet.
Anarchism is your fantasy, your humanity.
Anarchism is the love you need, the justice you long for, the equality you must have.
Anarchism is peace.
Anarchism says you are and I am. It says so long as we exist no matter why we exist the world belongs to us, and no one has the right to deny us any need, or disrespect us in any fashion for any reason, even for our own good. Those who will not respect us we have the right to defend ourselves from by any means necessary.
Anarchism is the truth, not a truth, we cannot deny - it longs only to be practised by us in word and deed to break all chains.
Look within yourself, if I lie call me what you will.....

Carl Harp
Walla Walla State Pen.



Revolutionary Love is the humanity that swells up in your heart when you see another hurt, another done wrong, a falling star, a bird in flight, children playing, a friend, a sunset, a sunrise.

Revolutionary Rage is what you feel when you see another hurt, another done wrong, when you realize you may one day never see a falling star, a bird in flight, children playing, a friend, a sunset, a sunrise again, for no reason.

Revolutionary Rage comes out of Revolutionary Love, and it isn't about hate.

Revolutionary Action comes out of Revolutionary Love and Rage, it is the will to make change put into practise.

Carl Harp
Walla Walla State Pen.

Selected Prison Addresses

Prisons for Men - Canada

Collins Bay
Box 190
Kingston, Ont.

CDC
1300 Montei St. François
Laval, P.Q.

Dorchester
Box A
Dorchester, N.B.

Joyceville
Box 880
Kingston, Ont.

Kent
Box 2000
Agassiz, B.C.

Laval
180 Montei St. François
Laval, P.Q.

Matsqui
Box 4000
Abottsford, B.C.

Millhaven
Box 280
Bath, Ont.

Prince Albert
Box 160
Prince Albert, Sask.

Stony Mountain
Box 101
Stony Mountain, Man.

Prisons for Women - Canada

Prison for Women
Box 515
Kingston, Ont.
K7L 4W7

Prisons for Women - US

Alderson Penitentiary
Box A
Alderson, WV
24910 USA

POSTERS BY CARL HARP

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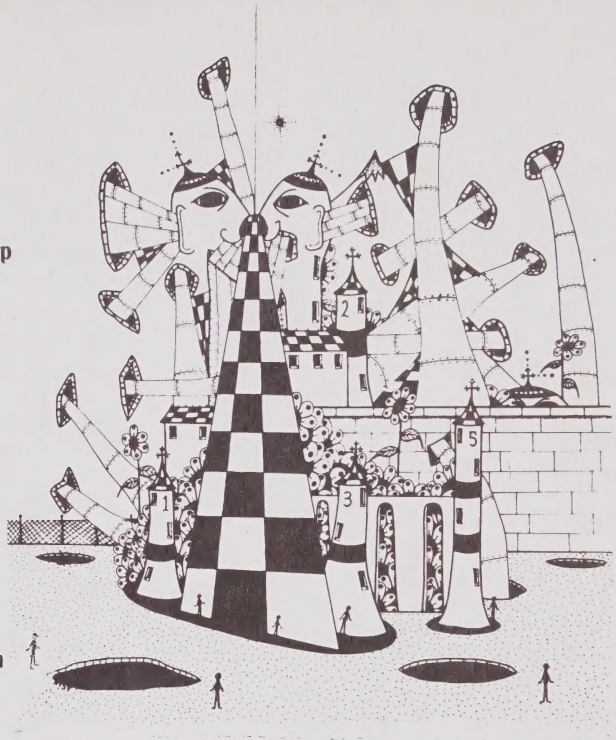

6 different - $10 (15 institutional) or $2 (3inst.) each

Available from the P.S.Collective, P.O.B. 2, Stn.'O'

Behavior modification unit, Marion, Illinois.

Framingham Prison
for Women
Box 99
Framingham, MA

Maryland Prison
Box 535
Jessup, MD
20794 USA

Marysville Prison
1479 Collins Ave.
Marysville, OH
43040 USA

Muncy Penitentiary
Box 180
Muncy PA
17756 USA

Prisons for Men - US

Leavenworth
Box 1000
Leavenworth, KS
66048 USA

Marion
Box 1000
Marion, IL
62959 USA

McAlester
Box 97
McAlester, OK
74501 USA

San Diego
808 Union St.
San Diego, CA
92101 USA

San Quentin
Box C-7100
Tamal, CA
94964 USA

Tennessee Colony
Rt. 1, Box 150
Tennessee Colony, TN
75861 USA

Terre Haute
Box 33
Terre Haute, IN
47808 USA

Walla Walla
Box 520
Walla Walla, WA
99962 USA

Walpole
Box 150
South Walpole, MA
02071 USA

Assata Shakur - Freed through the armed intervention of "three men and a fire breathing woman." (Standing Deer)

Return to:
Box 1817
Bancroft, Ont.
Canada
K0L 1C0